



TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1920

Pansy Visits the Magic Stable! Splashed With Sunshine By Sun God, the Luminous Horse

THE FOURTH INSTALMENT OF PEEPING PANSY FAIRY TALES

By Queen Marie of Roumania.

DAME DAMMYDIMMYDOO led Pansy to a part of the garden where two shut doors were fixed side by side in a wall. They were both the same size, but one was green and the other was copper color. "Now," said Dame Dammydimmydoo, "since you are determined to go exploring, Pansy, you can take your choice and go out through either one of these



THEY WERE TINY LITTLE ELFIN BOYS.

doors. Only you must decide which one to open before you know what is behind them.

"Ooh!" cried Pansy, "how can I choose?"

"I don't know," snapped the old lady.

So Pansy took two straws of different lengths and asked Dame Dammydimmydoo to hold them so that she could not see which was the longer. "If I pull the long straw out of your hand," she said, "I will open the green door. If I pull the short straw out I will open the other."

Then she closed her eyes and pulled one of the straws. It was the long one. When the green door opened Pansy found herself upon a narrow road bordered on both sides with high walls. Long creepers hung down over it, carpeting the whole with lovely flowers and many colors. There were all sorts of flowers, some of which were unknown to Pansy.

The door shut behind her with a bang, and she found herself alone with Tim. Dame Dammydimmydoo had remained on the other side.

Pansy waded through the high grass, bending her head to the left and to the right, to smell the flowers that all turned their faces toward the little girl as she passed.

And what do you think she found on the doorstep when she reached the shed? Dame Dammydimmydoo! with her old crow beside her, and the old crow's beak looked more ironical than ever.

"Well, I never!" cried Pansy, "how did you get here? But I am very pleased to see you; I was awfully sorry when the door shut behind me, cutting me off from you. What delightful houses you have! This one is almost as lovely as Wobblewibble-woo. Did Griggrub plant all these poppies on the roof? From afar they

look like flames. And where does the pine forest lead to? And do all the butterflies belong to you?"

"If you did not ask so many questions at a time," grumbled Dame Dammydimmydoo, "I might perhaps answer; but first of all, this is not a house, it's a stable."

Pansy stood still in ecstasy, clasping her hands. Never had she seen such a lovely stable; and what beautiful horses! and the many of them! Pansy began counting them, but could not come to an end.

Dame Dammydimmydoo tapped three times with her stick on the tiles, which rang like distant church bells. Out of the horses' boxes, from beneath their cribs or somewhere, a dozen red-clad little dwarfs, or rather imps, appeared suddenly.

They were tiny little boys, all dressed in close-fitting red tights, and on their heads they had pointed little caps that fastened under their chins. They were strangely alike and had large round eyes and wide grinning mouths. So rapid were their movements that they scuttled about like so many mice.

"These are my stable boys," explained the Dame. Then she clasped her hands once, twice, thrice—and all the horses turned around at the same moment and began leaving their stalls, one after another, in a tidy line, like well-trained soldiers.

Just now came a wonderful creature led by two red-clad little imps, who were holding it by two golden chains. This horse was the color of the sun, and his coat was so shiny that it resembled a golden shield of middle.

He pranced and sprang about with snorting nostrils and fiery eyes. The foam flew from his mouth like whipped cream.

"He is called Sun God," explained Dame Dammydimmydoo, "and no one knows how old he is, nor where he was born; he is the most beautiful horse in all the world, but no one has ever been able to sit on his back."

When Sun God passed before Pansy he stood up on his hind legs and pawed the air. He was so luminous that Pansy had the sensation of being splashed with sunshine.

"I think you are wonderful," said Pansy with a deep sigh. "How lucky I have been to find you!"

"Look what is coming now," interrupted the old lady.

Ten little ponies, all brown and white like unripe chestnuts, came trotting along. They too, had enormously broad necks, and their manes were cut so that they stood up like stiff ruffles, making their necks still broader. Their tails were so short that they stuck out imperceptibly behind them like giant paintbrushes that some one had clipped.

Each one of the ten little horses had a round bunch of cornflowers over his ears attached to long blue streamers that floated in the breeze. "I think I am dreaming," added Pansy, "only please, please, I don't want to wake up."

"You are not dreaming, child," said the old woman gaily, "and you need not wake up! Now, they are all going to run around in this circle where the grass is cut, so that you can see them over and over again."

That pony was the dream of dreams!

"I think he must be called Sunshine," whispered Pansy, "and I think a fairy godmother must have christened him and kissed him all over before he was a baby. Does he love violet?"

"He has a fairy godmother," smiled the old dame.

NEXT INSTALMENT THURSDAY.

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Poor Little Income!

By Maurice Ketten

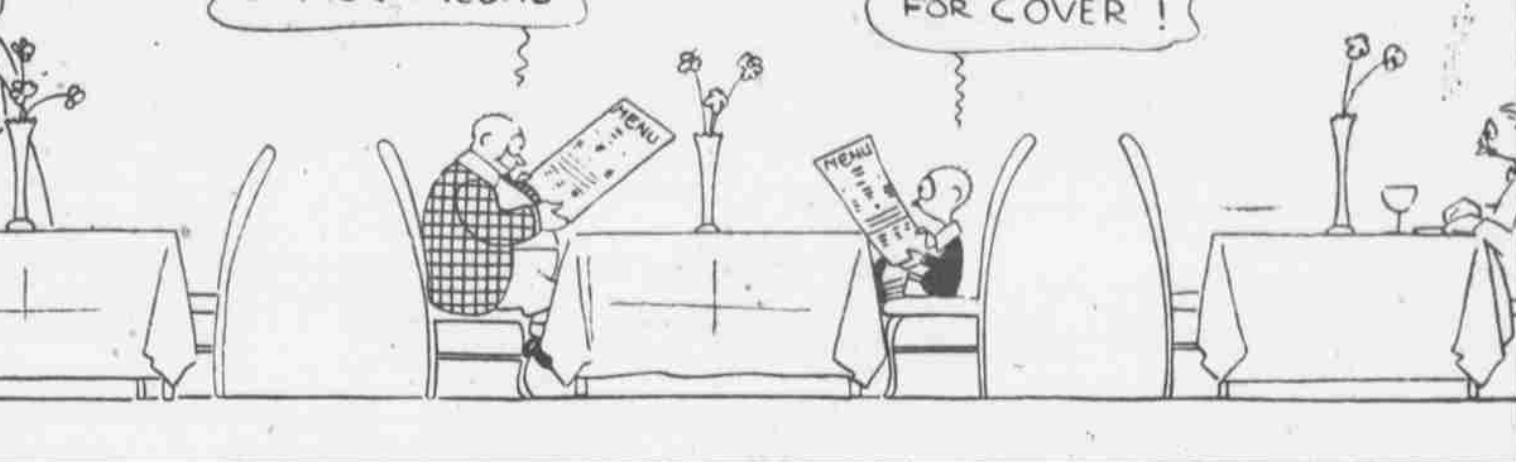
LET'S EAT AT A
CHEAP TABLE D'HOTE
PLACE EXPENSE

YOU CAN'T GET FAT
ON TABLE D'HOTE FOOD
INCOME - LET'S EAT
IN THIS SWELL JOINT.



I'LL ORDER THE
DINNER INCOME

GEE WHIZ!
TWENTY CENTS
FOR COVER!



I HOPE YOU DIDN'T
FORGET THE HAT BOY
INCOME!

THE MORE
I EAT THE
SMALLER
I GET



Dan Cupid Some Archer! Pierces 40 Hearts

BUT—The Girls All Selected Husbands Outside the Office.

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By Fay Stevenson.

JUST as Santa Claus finds his way down narrow chimneys and visits tall, forbidding tenements, so Dan Cupid flutters about New York's skyscrapers and makes himself known in bustling offices. In fact this little god of love has been working overtime in one particular office building in the downtown section, and during one year forty girls have succumbed to his arrows.

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Isabel Duthie, a pretty little typist for the London Guarantee & Accident Company at No. 55 John Street, was given a merry celebration and party by her fellow workers in honor of being the fortieth bride-to-be of that office.

Forty brides in one year means almost an average of one bride per week, so I made my way to the John Street address wondering just what that edifice had about it which inspired matrimony.

As I alighted from the elevator a gravenoise spinning out jazz met my ears and I beheld a number of happy young men and women dancing to the future happiness of the fortieth bride. Confetti, a large papier-mache wedding bell, the usual display of silver wedding presents and a bowl of punch told the story at once.

Desks and typewriter stands had been moved to one side, and I realized at a glance that romance no longer confines itself to parlor settings, vine-screened verandas, steamers or decks, motor rides or shady dells. Romance has learned to adapt itself to the tap-tap of the typewriter, the roll-top desk, the swivel chair and on Saturday afternoons it pushes all these aside, starts up some jazz and forgets it is in the heart of the city.

Dancing with her fiancé, George Cregan, whom she will wed June 30 at the Sacred Heart Church, Staten Island, I found the fortieth bride-to-be all dimples and laughter. But whisper—her fiancé is with the U. S. Navy and NOT a member of the office force. Nor have any of the other thirty-nine brides of the office married members of the office force!

"Which proves that young men and women in business can have awfully good times and not fall in love with each other," laughed Miss Duthie. "We make this office like a second home. Dance has become every night

day afternoon and have our friends from other offices in with us. Is it any wonder the office boasts of forty brides?"

Health-Beauty Queries

RIDGES ON THE NAILS—Emma B.—Acidity will cause this, also brittleness. Avoid diet which causes this condition and rub cocoa butter on the ends of your fingers.

THIN ANKLES—Edna P.—To develop the leg muscles try the heel and toe raising exercise fifty times a day. Most gymnasiums have stationary bicycle machines which will afford considerable help to you in a case of this kind.

BLUSHING—W. W.—Pay careful attention to others who talk to you, thus forgetting yourself. Blushing is the result of self-consciousness.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell.

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"I KNOW it's bound to come," Jarr, casting about in her thoughts said Mr. Jarr, with a sigh. "I've fought hard against it said."

"It's no use to try and prepare me that way," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "If you are going out anywhere this evening, why don't you go? Be a man and speak out."

"There you go!" cried Mr. Jarr. "You've been nice as long as you can stand it!"

"Well, you act restless, and you know it," said Mrs. Jarr. "Only I don't see why married men who have good wives are always looking for some excuse to leave their wives at home while they go out and have a good time."

"Because you women can't meet without scrapping. Look how you broke up the bowling club last winter."

"We did not!" cried Mrs. Jarr indignantly. "And if I were you, I wouldn't bring up the subject! Look at some of the women that some of the men brought to the bowling club! Mrs. Rangle and I and Mrs. Hockett never bowl again than be compelled to meet some of the women we met last winter—and they have the impudence to come up to you on the street and ask after you and the children, as if you were the dearest friends they had!"

"Oh, well, I wasn't thinking of bowling this winter, so you needn't worry about it," growled Mr. Jarr. "The same thing holds good about banquets, too," said Mrs. Jarr. "There is no reason in the world why a woman should not go to banquets, now or liquor is served at them."

"Go to it!" remarked Mr. Jarr. "Now you've started it, let's have it all. I said nothing about eating or drinking or any inclination to do either."

"That was a very queer remark you made then," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I'll bet you my salary—which you get anyway you don't remember what I said," cried Mr. Jarr tauntingly. "Come, now, what was it?"

"Never you mind!" answered Mrs. Jarr, with a shrug.

"I know what you meant, anyway," she remarked finally, "and if you have your salary with you give it to me. I need it to pay some bills."

Without a word Mr. Jarr handed over the money.

By this time Mrs. Jarr was on the verge of hysterical curiosity.

"What is it you were going to do if you did go out?" she asked. "Of course," she continued, "a man never thinks of his wife and family when he is going to do something awfully reckless or wilful! What's on your mind?"

"It's not on my mind yet," said Mr. Jarr, quietly. "But I know I'm going to fall for a new Panama hat."

"Don't worry yourself about that," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "If anybody gets a new hat in this house it will be I. Give me your money."

But then she realized he had already given her the money, and so she counted it to see if he had taken out his hat money before she got hers. But he hadn't.

GOING DOWN

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DEAR READER: The reason, probably, you are so upset is that you are not doing what you OUGHT TO DO, namely—

THAT WHICH IS RIGHT.

You cannot be unjust to your employer and still expect him to raise your salary.

You cannot keep on doing the things you KNOW are wrong and expect peace and prosperity.

Be reasonable. Be just.

When in doubt, do nothing, yet abolish impatience.

No one can tell you better than yourself what is right for you to do. The trouble with you is, you do not want to learn your lesson.

Experiences come to us to teach us what is right for us to do.

Keep on doing what you know to be right and the little petty non-essentials will fall from you.

Think it over.

And abide.

ALPHEA SMITH.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1920

Paderewski, at 60, Retires; Quits Piano and Politics; Fortune Spent for Relief SAD STATE OF POLISH PATRIOT

With Devoted Wife He Decides to Become Most Private of Private Citizens.

By Marguerite Dean.

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Poor Paderewski! From the wonderful, the wealthy, the worshipped artist, through the Premiership of his native land, to a position of obscurity, with health, fortune, talent and hopes wrecked—that is the strange career of contrasts pursued by the greatest pianist of his generation and one of the few artists who also have held a political post of the highest distinction.



Despatches from England, where Paderewski has just received an honorary degree at Oxford, tell us that America's one time matinee idol of the chrysanthemum looks and Poland's one time Premier and self-sacrificing patriot has given up both the piano and politics and, ill and discouraged, is about to become the most private of private citizens.

Yet only eighteen months ago Ignace Jan Paderewski was the idol of his fellow countrymen, the most prominently mentioned candidate for the Presidency of Poland. He finally accepted the office of Premier and Foreign Minister, at the request of Gen. Pilsudski—the same man with whom he now disagrees so drastically on matters of state policy that he has determined on political retirement.

Then Paderewski no one has ever offered a more complete proof of the platitudes about the ingratitude of republics. His fortune of at least \$1,000,000, his health, his artistic genius he has sacrificed on the altar of patriotism.

Before the war the average American thought of Paderewski, the Napoleon of the piano, as a man with a haircut like a toy Pomeranian's, a man whom emotional and oscillatory ladies tried to mob at afternoon recitals, a recipient of bushels of ardent notes from uninitiated admirers, a person who insured his hands for \$50,000, a lucky dog who annually sailed away from that dear America with a small fortune. In one year he received \$180,000 for sixty-seven American recitals. And his salary as Polish Premier was equivalent to about \$50 a month!

Paderewski, however, was always a good Pole and ardently devoted to the cause of Polish freedom.

When the United States declared war on Germany he started at once a movement for the Polish legion, obtaining the approval of the War Department for this plan, and then organizing the formation, equipment and training of the legion. In the allied battle line in France, during the last summer of the war, there were 15,000 Poles recruited from the United States—5,000 from New York—and they carried into action both

the Stars and Stripes and the national flag of Poland.

When Paderewski sailed for Europe, just after the armistice, it became known that he had spent every dollar of his private fortune in Polish relief, and that his health was seriously impaired by four years and a half of day-and-night devotion to the national cause.

In Warsaw he was received with cheers and with bands playing the national anthems. His first undertaking was to tour the country in an effort to unite the divided factions of Poland, during which tour he was shot at by assassins and narrowly escaped death. Elected Premier, he headed the Coalition Cabinet and represented Poland before the Peace Conference at Paris, where he made an earnest plea for vital supplies.

But his ill success in securing rights in Galicia for the Poles seems to have been the beginning of his fall from popular favor. There was criticism of his talents as an administrator, and in the autumn of 1919 the Polish Peasants' Party announced opposition to him. He resigned promptly. Still he retained his seat in the Diet, and insisted that there was no bitterness in his heart because of his withdrawal from the Premiership, but that "his work was done."

A month or two earlier he confessed, in Paris, that he had given up his art for his country. "I am glad," he said simply, "to have sacrificed in the cause of my country that which I held most dear. My art I have given up completely, and having had no time to think of it, I have forgotten it. I have not played a piano for two years and three months. I do not regret it."

Yet what does the future hold for Paderewski—at sixty? One thing is sure. He may have forgotten his art, his country may have forgotten him, but the tenderness and devoted companionship of beautiful Helena Paderewski will be with him to the end.

Maxims of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Moore Marshall

WHEN Gabriel blows his trumpet the average wife will murmur, sleepily, but automatically: "Dear, you really must get up. You know you told me to call you at this time."

Every wife's destiny: To be the picker-up of her husband's unconsidered trifles.

How long before the movies will catch up with the revelations of a recent murder and feature the male vampire, "who never lost sight of any woman he once met?"

Add eternal mystery! Why brunettes wear black hats and why blondes wear any other kind.

Of course, in the past, every woman was publicly worried and furious when her husband came home late, yet she had a certain private assurance in realizing that he probably tarried at the club or the corner place. But since Prohibition she simply doesn't know WHERE he is.

This is the time of year when the summer widower is planning to be a gay old dog, quite forgetting that his cent for romance is blunted by his broken and his hunting habits forgotten through disuse.

Yes, Marie, most women are born psychopaths, but the fawning spaniel of the human species is any MAN whose employer is telling him a joke so old it's lost its hair.

The chief flaw in the "sweet home woman" is that she loses her sense of proportion. A mislaid butter knife, a child's cap out of place, loom larger on her horizon than the League of Nations or the next President, and when the groceryman forgets to deliver the strawberries she is more disturbed than she would be over the announcement of a new European war.

Jealousy is the T N T of the emotions.

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Rather Chic—We Mean the Cap.



HERE is the latest Long Beach Bathing cap. It is worn by a Manhattan model and the design is originally Parisian.

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